

IDENTIFIED AS THE MAN.

OLD, HELPLESS, WITHOUT FRIENDS.
Mrs. Stratton Nearly One Hundred and Her Daughter of Sixty-Five Await Their Store.

Four Witnesses Pick Out George Dougherty and Connect Him with the Murder of Meyer.

KILLED FOR A WELCHED BET OF \$5

The Accused Dies as He Can Prove He Was "Miles and Miles" Away from the Place.

George Dougherty, the young race-track gambler who is in custody, charged with having shot and killed Edward Meyer, a race-track tout, at the latter's home, No. 150 Avenue A, early on Thursday morning, bases his declarations of innocence on an alibi. He protests he was not in the vicinity of the Meyer home on the night of the murder.

The police are satisfied they have the right man, and will confine their efforts to getting evidence against Dougherty.



GEORGE DOUGHERTY.

Dougherty declares he never had any money transactions with Meyer. The only motive that has yet been found, which, while a seemingly incredible cause for murder, is yet a possible one, is that Meyer had "welched" Dougherty out of \$5. Meyer told his brother and his sweetheart he had swindled Dougherty out of \$5, and that Dougherty threatened to "fix" him. The police reason that a man does not confess himself a swindler unless he is one. Furthermore, there is the letter found in Meyer's coat in which Dougherty accused him of the swindle.

Capt. Pickett took witness from the police, and the police were satisfied that there was more or less bearing to the story on the identification of the murderer.

Among these were Joseph Meyer, the brother of the murdered man; his wife, James Patterson, a bricklayer; Henry Michael, Dan O'Rourke, who keeps the saloon at Avenue A and Seventy-ninth street, and George Scrooby. Except O'Rourke, all live in the Meyer tenement.

These went to Inspector McLaughlin's office. Dougherty was brought up and with six others stood in a line. He was cool and collected, but his father, who used to teach him, was known as the Brighton, on Great Jones street, manifested great excitement.

Burke, who is the Lyons agent of the New York Episcopal Mission, is in camp as acting chaplain of the Ninth, in the Chaplin's Chapel, Myrtlewood. The most interesting work in the camp will be performed by the engineering corps of the First Brigade, under command of Capt. Austin, the engineer-commander of the Ninth. Specific orders have not yet been received by the engineers, but they will make architectural maps of the region, batteaux, etc., and plan and perhaps build a bridge over Amville Creek.

Other companies from Hosack, Felt, Geneva, Somers, and Syracuse are also in camp for the week. They are formed into a provisional battalion under command of Capt. Wilson.

Col. Seward was presented to-night with a fine sword by the officers of his command as tokens of their esteem and loyalty.

BABY LOST IN THE SHUFFLE.

A Spruce Young Couple Flit from Harrison and Leave the Little's One-Bed.

A business-like young man and a neatly dressed good-looking young woman, with a fine lump of a baby, got off a train in Harrison, N. J., on Thursday, and looked around for rooms. They secured suitable quarters at Mrs. Young's, No. 20 Harrison street. They said they had just come from Bridgeport. The young man and woman appeared to be tremendously affectionate towards each other. The man displayed lots of money. The pair left early on Friday morning. Mrs. Young was busy around the house, and did not notice them depart. A few hours later she heard the baby cry, and found that the little chap—it was a boy—had crawled away.

The story conflicts with that of Joseph Meyer, who says nothing of Dougherty coming to the room, and with the talk took place with Meyer at the window, and the murderer on the sidewalk. Joseph Meyer was much confused in his recollection and has no record of any act of Scrooby, Michael and Patterson.

Dougherty was taken to the Harrison Police Court and arraigned before Justice Burke. Howe & Hummel appeared for him. He is a good-looking young fellow, very sprightly, although his beard is heavy. On affidavits he was remanded until Monday as the result of his counsel, and then he was locked up. He refused to make any statement.

In the prisoners' pen he talked. "I can't say I am innocent," he said, "by proving an alibi I never had any money transactions with Meyer. We were the best of friends."

"I will not write a letter, according to my word."

"I will not answer that now. I am absolutely innocent. I was not the plainer, being the strongest kind of an alibi. It was miles and miles away from there."

"Four witnesses say you drank with them in your parlor, and three of them say the day after Meyer's home. They say you were excited, too, so excited that you forgot to tell the truth."

"They're wrong," was all that Dougherty would say. "I can prove I was miles away."

RICHARD KEEN COMMITS SUICIDE.

He Became Despondent Because He Was Unable to Work and Had No Money.

Richard Keen, thirty-five years old, blind and penniless, could not existence by blind gambling, so Friday night in his basement No. 21 First street. When discovered, yesterday morning he was cold and stiff. Keen is a carpenter and belonged to Carpenters' Union No. 88. About four months ago he became the leg amputated in Hospital. He was discharged from Hospital on May 10, and since then he has been unable to do any work, and incalculable number of contractors had to depend upon the Union charity for his help.

"The people who are helping him are dead. He had been in this country only a short time."

Members of the Most Talk of Discipline.

The second day's session of the National Council of Education at Albany Park yesterday, was devoted to a discussion of the "Journal of formal discipline."

The committee on formal discipline, Dr. A. Arnold, Professor of Philosophy, of Michigan University, said:

"The Justice smited, and cut off the war history by firing the Major General, and not the Major. His sister paid it later, and he must pay it again. Major is commander of a free base at the foot of Market street. He testified before the grand jury that he had not secured his place by threats, but posting Tammany's corruption. He denied that Tammany Leader James W. Boyle had tried to get out of the way of the committee."

Striking Workmen Are Still Out.

The 150 workmen who went on strike Friday on the new Hotel Marie Antoinette, West Sixty-seventh street and the Boulevard, did not return to work yesterday. The strike was over because they were not admitted with the Board of Walking Delegates remained on the board. No strike was ordered on the St. Cloud Hotel, Broadway and Forty-second street, New York. The same grievance with the plumbers exists there.

Alfred is a Preacher for Life.

Alderman William Young, of Port Chester, who runs the hotel in Westchester avenue, has brought a libel suit against one of the local preachers. The clergymen, who are members of the Methodist church, charged that he had not secured his place by threats, but posting Tammany's corruption. He denied that Tammany Leader James W. Boyle had tried to get out of the way of the committee.

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Stern Bros.

will offer to-morrow

Ladies' Washable Dresses

Of Figured and Striped Linens. **\$9.50**

Reduced from \$16.00.

12.75

Reduced from \$16.50.

4.50

Fan, Black and Navy Blue

Blazer Suits

of Serges, Chevets and Covert Cloths

at

Greatly Reduced Prices.

West 23d St.**BIG PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY.**

Another Lottery Swindle That Makes the Green-Good Game Despicable by Comparison.

Lottery tickets are as cheap as picture cards in this town to-day. Ever since the Louisiana Lottery was finally won by the United States and Conrad, Conrad, Conrad, the alleged "Conrad," was forced to confine his advertisements to the columns of theatre programmes, he country has been flooded with various lottery schemes, which are on a level with the green-goods game. He affluents are equally enticing the financial foundation is lacking entirely and the basis of operation of both wheeling systems is the old buncum, "a sucker is born every minute."

The World has already exposed the operations of the "Kansas Lottery Company," which sent fifty of its worthless tickets to many cigar dealers and others in New York with a specially marked ticket "to be sold to some prominent person" and guaranteed to win a capital sum. Now comes along an even more sordid swindler, who says he is "J. H. Woodward & Co., lock-box 119 New Orleans, La." He travels under the name of the Honduras National Lottery Company, succeeds to the old Louisiana State Lottery. He sends 100 tickets to be sold at \$1 apiece, and asks that not be remitted at least three days before the drawing.

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